

BEAUTY SECRET IN EXERCISE AND COARSE FARE



"My little dog is filled with sachet powder."

Ailette Dorgere.

Mlle. Dorgere, the French Actress, Keeps Her Figure and Complexion by Living With Nature Five Months of Each Year

By Mlle. DORGERE.

EVER so many people ask me how I keep my figure and my perfect complexion through my strenuous stage career. They think I have some secret, some magic cosmetic or elixir; but let me tell you, it is none of those things. It is merely that for five months of the year I live in the country and do nothing but build up my health by exercise and living in the fresh air and eating coarse, wholesome food.

My friends, the other actresses, go off to some fashionable watering place and wear beautiful costumes and drink and eat and go the round of excessive gayeties found in such places. The result is they come home fatigued and showing the ravages of such a life in their faces and figures.

They are not at all fit to begin their theatrical work, and are peevish and nervous and depressed. They go the pace all the year round and, as you say in your country, burn the candle at both ends, and they soon lose their good looks and drop out of the ring. They are unhappy too, for ill health and overstimulation with emotion always bring unhappiness and despair. Look at the lovely Mme. Lanteme. She was bored to death all the time and life got to be a perfect burden to her. She was the most unhappy woman I ever knew, and she showed it right in her face. Such a world weary expression of utter ennui and disgust of life! It is sad to get into such a state and you know what the result was. There is always the same ending to lives that are completely satiated with high pressure emotions.

She never let herself relax. She never knew the joy of old clothes and freedom and quiet and nature. She always wanted to be dressed like a doll and, seeing gayety and activity, she simply gave herself too much of it. I have always been afraid of ennui. I never have known it because I have done everything to prevent its approach,

and consequently life has always seemed delicious to me and worth the living. I take such good care of my health that I never get nervous or petulant and of course my good health and cheerful habit of mind make me appear much younger and prettier than I am, for I am very much older than people suspect. Health always means an appearance of beauty, and my fresh, clear skin and bright, healthy eyes go a long way, I can tell you.

Just as soon as my season is over I scuttle away into the real country. I get just as far away from the line of fashionable travel as I can and then I vegetate. I put on a simple wash frock and a knitted coat, what you call a sweater, I think, and I wear them all day long. I don't fuss with my hair or anything; I just let myself go.

I loaf most of the time, but at certain periods of each day I go through very active and strenuous exercise. That is to keep me in perfect trim and to preserve my figure. I do all manner of antics on the bar and with the rings and a swing, for I don't believe in making work of exercise; that is of no use. I play when I exercise and I am like a child with that swing and those rings.

Then I walk a lot and I saunter about in the woods with my dog and play with him and act just like a child. This gives me an appetite like a peasant's and I go in and eat a peasant's coarse food and make new blood and muscle and create a skin that no lotions or pastes could ever make.

I go to bed early, with the chickens almost, for my supper is at half past 5. After it I take a little walk and then go to bed at half past 7. Think of it! An hour before my friends are sitting down to their elaborate dinners. But it's those hours before midnight that count; then it is truly that the beauty sleep comes.

Of course I get up early in the morning, about half past 5—my friends are sometimes just going home at Aix or Baden Baden or Trouville at that hour

—and then I walk in the dew barefooted and I am enchanted with everything. Those early summer mornings are truly enchanting and no one who has not got up early can form any idea of their bewildering charm. It drives all ennui away and convinces one that life is tremendously worth while and the sparkle and vim gets into your blood and you fairly thrill with vigor and inspiration.

What emotion can any watering place offer me that can compare with that early morning thrill and sparkle? I love life at such times, in fact I always love life, and that is what makes me smile so. I have been dubbed the "ever smiling Dorgere," but I can't help smiling, because life seems so good to me, and the reason that it seems good is because I desert Vanity Fair completely for a long stretch each year.

By this means I keep my joy in the two sides of life always fresh, for when I go back to the city and the gayest of gay lives I just revel in it because of the contrast. One must have contrasts, you know; it's the only secret of happiness. No one can stand up against a dead level of any one phase of life all the time. It's human nature to crave a change and the body demands it as well as the temperament.

When I get back to town I look as fresh as a country milkmaid and every one comments upon my renewed youthfulness and bubbling spirits and I am a good deal of a contrast to the jaded, tired, bored friends who have come back to their stage life unrefreshed.

So this is my secret and it is simple enough, isn't it?

Freak Performances

THE freak play or the performance that is a travesty is little in evidence to-day, but it does not seem so long ago when a slump in business sometimes emboldened even the most conservative of theatrical mana-



Upper picture—"At certain periods each day I go through strenuous exercises." Lower—"I walk a lot in the woods with my dog."



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was allowed to sing the beautiful song made number. He too was bursting with laughter. The same reception greeted each of the principals, but from then on the performance was about as enlivening as a funeral. The theatre was half empty before the act ended. Gabel said the next day that he would gladly give back the \$5,000 it yielded if he could forget the experience.

It was fifteen years before anything of this nature was attempted again. This time it was for the late Maurice Grau, who had suffered many reverses, that the benefit was organized at the Academy of Music. Grau himself arranged the programme, the feature of which was a travesty of the first act of "La Grande Duchesse." The great Aimee, queen of opera bouffe, was cast for Gen. Bonn; the ponderous M. Du plan played the Duchess and the dear M. Mezieres was Wanda. Seats brought as much as \$15 each. The house was crowded, but alas! the fiasco was even more complete than at Gabel's benefit.

Booth's Theatre, then at Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, was the scene of the next freak performance. George Rignold, famous as a matinee idol, was attracting all New York to see his "Henry the Fifth." Joseph Tooker, an ingenious showman, if ever there was one, conceived the idea of a special matinee of "Romeo and Juliet," with six amateurs selected to appear as Juliet. Rignold was the Romeo. Such a scene as was on view on West Twenty-third street that matinee day was never witnessed before nor since. As early as 3 A. M. the lobbies were packed and the line to the box office reached to Broadway.

At noon at least 3,000 women were congregated in front of the theatre and the management, fully awake to conditions, commissioned big Jim Brown, king of ticket speculators of that day, to "work the line." This Brown did so well that 4,200 persons, 95 per cent. women, were packed into a playhouse seating 1,800 comfortably.

The performance itself was so bad that Rignold would have quit in the fourth scene but for Tooker's plaintive plea to stick it out. Tooker's idea had been that the Juliets would be so bad that they would be funny; whereas five of them were just rank incompetents. The sixth Juliet was none other than Marie Wainwright, who distinguished herself all the more by the contrast. Miss Wainwright was immediately engaged as a professional and quickly became a star.

Many old timers will recall a certain first night at the Park Theatre in 1892, when ex-Mayor A. Oakley Hall made his memorable debut as a star in his own play, "The Crucible." The occasion was one of pitiful sadness. The play itself failed and the Mayor revealed not the least qualification for a stage career.

When Bob Cutting was wedded to Minnie Seligman, the actress, she unveiled on him to try a career on the stage. A play was expressly written for the two and the Standard Theatre was secured. The opening performance was a gala affair, but a slump marked the second performance.

Serious attempts on the part of professional and non-professional women to assume "Shakespearean" male roles have resulted in a travesty more often than not. When Anna Dickinson appeared as Hamlet the production was carefully prepared. Public interest, while seemingly intense, was confined practically to the opening night. The fame and large following of Miss Dickinson permitted a longer vogue than in the metropolis.

One Bagman's Narrow Escape

These tales of bagmen that Detective Attorney Whitman is bringing out are called to a veteran politician the experience of the boss of a Western city. It was something in the way of a police collector himself.

One day near the close of a hot campaign he managed to round up five thousand dollars. With a couple of his pals he had a bibulous celebration. About 2 in the morning he was climbing to a lamp-post and trying to catch a cab when two of his henchmen were sighted. He knew they would not let him go if they suspected he had money.

"Hello, fellows; lucky you found me along. I'm dead broke and want to get one and take me to my home. I'll make good."

When they reached the home of the drunken boss sleepily asked the other to give each of his companions a five-dollar bill. At the same time he drew out his pocket a huge roll of money and throwing it at the clerk told him to "keep that wad of stuff in a safe until morning."

Disgustedly the henchmen watched the safe door close on the young boss who had escaped them, while they sank into a chair.

"Oh, you thief!" angrily shouted one of the henchmen, as he shook his fist at the nose of the boss. "That's the meanest double cross you ever gave a fellow in your whole crooked career. You're a broke and you had thousands in the wad. Confound you, there's one fellow can trust these days. The money belongs to us by rights and you've robbed us of it."

giers to resort to extraordinary measures to attract at least one capacity audience.

One of the early freak performances was intended as an event of great artistic value. The late Henry Wolfsohn, who afterward became famous as an impresario, aspired to the great Forrest's mantle. The great tragedian was playing at Niblo's Garden in "Othello" and Wolfsohn, then 22, had saved a little money with the idea of purchasing the privilege of appearing as the Moor in New York once at least. His ambition appealed to Marie Seebach, the German actress who was appearing in that year (1868) at the Theatre Francaise in

West Fourteenth street. Wolfsohn paid the manager \$1,000 for the privilege, besides himself selling out the capacity of the theatre.

Although the audience was composed chiefly of his friends and relatives the portrayal was so ludicrous that a riot seemed imminent and was only prevented through an appeal to the audience from Mme. Seebach to consider her own position. Wolfsohn never trod the boards again.

The next year in the same theatre opera bouffe was the rage, owing to the tremendous hit of a comedian of the name of Gabel, who appeared as one of

the two gendarmes in "Genevieve de Brabant." Gabel's popularity was so great that a benefit was tendered to him. He decided to present "Genevieve" as a travesty, the male principals assuming the female roles and the women those of the men. The house was sold out one hour after the advance sale opened. Speculators reaped a harvest.

The audience began to laugh before the curtain rose, the conductor was greeted with roars of merriment. Even the ushers were grinning in anticipation of a festival of fun. When Gabel appeared elaborately gowned as Genevieve it was fully two minutes before he